

Pleasure Cruise -- Believers

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

(Built on Wiseguy's story Pleasure Cruise -- thanks for the inspiration!)

I'm not a believer. I wasn't a believer, until now. I'm not sure what I believe now.

I had no idea what I was getting into when I signed up for the cruise. It was the only time I could take a break from work. How was I supposed to know it would be full of weirdos? We didn't find out about it until we were on the boat, and by then it was too late.

I'd been to a hypnosis show at a comedy club a few years ago, before I met Janey. I didn't believe it. It was a load of crap -- I mean, it had to be, right? Why would anyone do things like that unless they wanted to? Nobody was going to hypnotize me, I knew that -- I was too smart for that. But a whole cruise ship full of hypnosis kinks and kinkettes? I mean they had stage shows, movies, story sessions, private sessions, wow -- I thought I'd tried just about everything in the book. I'd never seen this book!

I don't know how I felt that first afternoon and evening as we sailed out of Miami -- a little creepy maybe. But hey, there I was, with a first-class cabin, a first-class girlfriend. Might as well enjoy.

We enjoyed ourselves once before dinner, and it was great. Dinner was good -- we sat with what seemed to be normal people.

Janey insisted on seeing the show that night, a gal calling herself "Mistress Ursula." We got fairly good seats in about the middle of the place, got our drinks, and settled in.

I have to admit, the first part of the show was pretty wild, the things she had those gals doing. I wouldn't mind spending some time with Mistress Ursula -- she's a looker.

Then she brought up this other gal's husband, and did this erotic vibrator thing with the microphone. The gal was pretty good looking, and looked and sounded like she was really enjoying it.

I was really surprised when she touched the gal's ear though. I expected her to come, or at least act like it. I didn't expect to see the guy moan and collapse as well. And when he was

being helped off the stage, Janey leaned over to me and said, "Look at that! He came in his pants!" Wow -- that's what it looked like.

The rest of the show was okay, I guess. I could tell it made Janey hot.

After the show we went over to one of the side bars to wait for the dessert buffet to open. We had a seat and ordered drinks.

A bunch of them sat down close to us. A guy and his wife, and a bunch of other people around them, talking about the show and how good it was.

Then the guy pulled out a little crystal thing on the end of a string, and started talking. I nudged Janey, but she was looking at it, listening intently. I held her hand and she smiled. Okay, I'll play along. The guy did have a good voice, I'll say that. And his lady friend started talking, and that was nice as well.

After a bit I closed my eyes -- it was easier. It had been a long day, and I was tired. It felt so good to relax. Their voices helped, first one voice, then the other, and sometimes I thought I heard both. Janey must have put a hand on the back of my neck -- it felt real nice, and I heard the gal's voice some more, and relaxed and enjoyed it.

I was really comfortable, off somewhere dreaming I guess, when all of a sudden I thought of hot apple strudel. I did more than think about it -- I could smell it and taste it, hot and steaming, with cinnamon. And then the wild part -- that's what Janey tasted like! She tasted so good when I went down on her, and now I knew why -- she reminded me of hot, steaming, apple strudel. I wanted to eat her, and eat her, and eat her some more. I wanted to eat her, and feel her sexy legs squeezing my head while I ate her strudel.

That dream ended, and I dozed some more, I guess. When I woke up, a bunch of people were clapping, including Janey. The gal was standing behind her husband, and his eyes were closed, and his head was leaning back against her. He was supposed to be in a trance or something.

I wanted to go, get Janey back to the cabin and eat her like never before, but she wanted to stick around. We did, and the gal told her husband to make one hand get warm, and the other cool. Janey felt them, and told me it worked. So? A lot of times one of my hands is hotter or colder than the other. They did some other tricks, but we finally got to the dessert.

They didn't have any hot apple strudel. Cold apple pie, but no hot apple strudel. I had some hot peach crisp with ice cream -- I'd get my strudel soon enough. Janey made this obscene banana split, and the way she ate it, licking the fudge sauce off the end of that banana and giving me the look, wow -- I knew I was in for a good time on this cruise! I got her out of there before she made a complete scene -- she didn't care who was watching her, and there were a few.

We both hit the heads on the way back to our stateroom, and I'm glad we did. We got in the door, and were stripping madly. It was like we were having a contest as to who could go down on the other first.

I won. God, she was delicious -- just like hot apple strudel, only so much better -- the best I'll ever have. And the way she moaned and squeezed me made it even better.

She got off a really good one, and I knew she'd had enough. I kissed my way up her, and slid into her. She moaned again and her legs locked around mine. It didn't take me very long and I was pumping into her. I should go down on her more often -- I don't have to hold back then.

We snuggled together after that. She got me to suck on her. I usually don't go for that, but it was nice -- she tasted like rich vanilla ice cream, only warm and soft.

We got up the next morning and went to breakfast. Today was a sailing day, so I knew what I was going to do. She wanted to have a quick bite to eat, and go to some yoga class. Fine with me, she'd know where to find me out by the pool on the top deck.

We sat with two other couples at breakfast. One was this goth looking chick with jet black hair who called herself Mistress Samantha. She asked if we'd seen the show last night. I said we had, and Janey said we'd seen the main one, and the one in the bar as well. Samantha said she'd heard that had been a good one.

Janey rubbed my back and asked me if I believed in hypnosis yet. I grunted and put some more pepper on my eggs. Janey laughed and told me she was surprised at how well and how long I'd eaten her last night, especially considering how much asparagus she'd had at dinner. The other people at the table laughed. I ate my breakfast.

I found my place on deck. For me, that's what a cruise is all about. I had Janey help me put on the sun screen, and I relaxed. I could hear the Jamaican steel drum band nearby, and all I had to do was lift a hand and a bottle of beer would appear. If it rains a little, cover the top of the bottle with your thumb. Life doesn't get much better.

I'd rolled over onto my stomach, getting some sun on my back. Janey came back and sat next to me. She started massaging my back and my shoulders. I'm a sucker for that, especially from her. Then she started talking, or was it someone else? It might have been that Samantha chick as well. I relaxed, feeling the sun on my back, and let the ship rock me gently.

I woke up on my back. I felt really good, and really rested. When I opened my eyes, I saw Janey on one side of me, and Samantha and another gal on the other side. I felt relaxed, and my mouth was kind of dry.

Samantha leaned over me, her big soft boobs brushing me. "So do you believe in hypnosis yet, Mike?"

I tried to talk, but couldn't for some reason. She ran her fingers along my right arm, and it just drifted up in the air, like there were a bunch of balloons tied to it or something. She made some wave of her hand, and it dropped again. The gals all laughed. What was going on?

"Oh, what's the matter, Mikey? Still don't believe? I think I can convince you."

She started running her hands along the sides of my face. God, it felt so good -- it felt like I was being sucked off. She may have been saying something, I don't know -- what she was doing felt so good.

Before I knew it, before I could do anything about it, I was creaming my shorts, moaning and trying to make it better. I opened my eyes and saw Samantha over me again, with her top open and a tit hanging out, and I knew what I had to do. But I couldn't move -- I needed her so bad. She laughed a little, and lowered herself slowly. By this time I'd finished filling my shorts, and my legs had stopped twitching. I got her nipple, and I'd never tasted anything as good, and I was so tired.

The next time I woke up I was in a stateroom -- our stateroom, with the most delicious pussy in the world right in front of my face. I dove in. This one tasted more like cherry cobbler, sweet and tart. Then it was apple strudel time again, and then something like strawberries. I couldn't get my fill.

I opened my eyes and I was on my back. Samantha was on top of me, riding me, and Janey was kissing her and playing with her breasts. Samantha rode me and rode me -- I couldn't believe I hadn't come yet. Janey made the sound she makes when she comes, and sort of collapsed on the bed.

Samantha put her hands on my shoulders. "Do you believe now, Mikey?" she panted, looking deep into me.

"I believe!" I moaned. "I believe! Oh God, let me come!"

Samantha laughed. "Oh, you're going to come, and soon, Mikey."

She started lowering herself on me. God I needed her nipple again. I thought it was going to take forever -- and I was so dizzy, and so close to the edge. Finally I got her nipple in my mouth.

I came like never before. It was so intense, and it was like I was pumping all the energy in my body into her, getting more and more tired, more and more relaxed.

I woke up alone on the bed. Janey was just coming out of the bathroom, with a towel around her head. "Want to shower before dinner?" she asked.

I sat up. The bed was torn up. Did what I think happen? Nah.... The clock -- it was after five! What happened to the day?

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I sat up, kind of wobbly. My dick looked and felt well used. I rubbed my face -- I smelled like pussy juice. Maybe it did happen. But it couldn't have -- I mean, how could I bone one chick while kissing another and sucking on a tit and eating someone all at the same time? Eat out three chicks in a row? That didn't make sense.

Janey sat down next to me and put an arm around me.

"Mike, I've been thinking, while we're on the cruise, I could make an appointment with one of the people on board and see if they can help you with sleeping better at night. Would you like that?"

I wobbled my head, trying to clear it. What had gone on? "Okay," I said.

Janey smiled at me. "I'm glad you agree. Would you like to see Rob and Toni, the two we watched in the bar last night? Or would you rather see Mistress Samantha?"

I looked into Janey's eyes as she smiled and ran a hand up the back of my neck. I gasped out, "I believe," as my eyes closed and I fell back, and fell, and fell, and fell, never hitting the bed.

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